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LETTERS OF JOHN ADAMS.

The first letter to Col. Ward, which we present, is from John Adams, written when in attendance as Member of the Continental Congress. It is without signature, inclosed in an envelope, and superscribed,

"JOSEPH WARD, Esq.,

Aid-de-Camp to General Ward in the Continental Army,
Boston."

Philadelphia, April 16, 1776.

DEAR SIR,—

Upon the receipt of your favor of the third of April, I shewed your recommendation of Capt. Fellows to several gentlemen; but it had been previously determined that Captain Manley and Captain Cazneau should have the command of the two ships building in the Massachusetts.

If you should be thrown out of the service by the resignation of General Ward, and there should be any place in particular that you have an inclination for, if you will give me a hint of it I will do you all the service in my power, consistent with the public good, and I doubt not my colleagues will do the same. But I presume that General Ward will now continue in the service, unless his health should be worse.—I hope the duty will be less severe than it has been.

As far as I am capable of judging, I am perfectly of General Ward's opinion, that the five regiments are too small a force to be left in Boston.

It is a great work to fortify Boston harbour, and will require many men.—But however, I am not sufficiently informed to judge of the propriety of this measure—if there is the least reason to expect that Howe's army will return to Boston, it was wrong to remove so many men so soon, but it is hard to believe that that army will very suddenly return to that place. The Militia of that Province are tremendous to the enemy, and well they may be, for I believe they don't know of such another.

I am much obliged to you for the intelligence you have given me, and wish a continuance of your correspondence. I should be glad to know of every movement in and about Boston.

Every motive of self-preservation, of honour, profit, and glory, call upon our people to fortify the harbour so as to be impregnable. It will make a rendezvous for men of war and privateers, and a mart of trade.

My most respectful compliments to Gen. Ward and best wishes for the restoration of his health.

You seem to wish for independence. Do the resolves for privateering and opening the ports satisfy you, if not let me know what will? Will nothing do, but a positive declaration that we never will be reconciled upon any terms?

It requires time to bring the Colonies all of one mind, but time will do it.

The next letter is also from John Adams:

Philadelphia, Nov'r 12, 1775.

SIR,—

I had yesterday the pleasure of your letter of the 4th inst. by Captain Price, for which, as well as a former kind letter, I heartily thank you.

The report you mention, that Congress have resolved upon a free trade, is so far from being true that you must have seen by the public papers before now that they have resolved to stop all trade until next March. What will be done then time will discover. This winter I hope will be improved in preparing some kind of defence for trade.—I hope the Colonies will do this separately.—But these subjects are too important and intricate to be discussed in a narrow compass, and too delicate to be committed to a private letter.

The report y^e Congress has resolved to have no more connections, &c., until they shall be indemnified, for the damages done by the tyranny of their enemies, will not be true perhaps so soon as some expect it. Verbal resolutions accomplish nothing. It is to no purpose to declare what we will or will not do in future times. Let reasoning Men infer what we shall do from what we actually do.

The late conduct, in burning towns, so disgraceful to the English name and character, would justify anything, but similar barbarity. Let us preserve our temper, our wisdom, our humanity and civility, though our enemies are every day renouncing theirs.—But let us omit nothing necessary for the security of our cause.

You are anxious for Arnold. So are we, and for Montgomery too, until this day, when an express has brought us the refreshing news of the capitulation of St. Johns—for Arnold I am anxious still—God grant him success.—My compliments to Gen. Ward and his Family.

I am with respect,

Your very humble servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

To Joseph Ward, Esq.,
Secretary to General Ward, Roxbury.

Again, from the same pen, twenty-two years later:—

Philadelphia, April 6, 1797.

DEAR SIR,—

I received yesterday your favour of the 27th of March, for which I thank you.

The strain of joy at a late event and of panegyric on the subject of it serve, among some other instances, to convince me that old friendships, when they are well preserved, become very strong. The friends of my youth are generally gone. The friends of my early political life are chiefly departed. Of the few that remain, some have been found on a late occasion, weak, envious, jealous and spiteful, humiliated and mortified and duped enough by French finesse and Jacobinical rascality, to show it, to me and to the world. Others have been found faithful and true, generous and manly. From these I have received letters and tokens of approbation—and friendship in a style of ardour, zeal and exultation similar to yours.

Your postscript is a morsel of exquisite beauty and utility: my life will undoubtedly depend in a great measure on my observance of it.

The labour of my office is very constant and very severe, and before this time you will have seen enough to convince you, that

my prospects as well as yours are grave. I should be much obliged to you for your sentiments and those of the people in general about you concerning what ought to be done.

I am, Sir, with sincere esteem,

Your friend and servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

Col. Ward.

This letter, with most of the others, has been taken from an envelope. We are consequently without the particular address of Colonel Ward, which the wrapper must have borne.

After an interval of several years, the following:—

Washington, Feb. 4, 1801.

DEAR SIR,—

I have received and read, with much pleasure, your kind and friendly Letter of January 22d.

As I have all my life-time expected such events as those which have lately occurred, I was not surprized when they happened. They ought to be lessons and solemn warnings to all thinking men. Clouds black and gloomy hang over this country threatening a fierce tempest, arising merely from party conflicts at a time when the internal and external prosperity of it, and the national prospects in every other respect, are the most pleasing and promising, that we ever beheld. I pray Heaven to dissipate the storm.

"Depressions of Spirits," such as "wound the nice organs of health" I have not perceived and do not apprehend: but I have some reason to expect that my constitution will have another trial, when I come to exchange a routine of domestic life without much exercise, for a life of long journeys and distant voyages in one or other of which I have been monthly or at least yearly engaged for two and forty years. When such long continued and violent exercise, such frequent agitations of the body are succeeded by stillness, it may shake an old frame: rapid motion ought not to be succeeded by sudden rest. But at any rate I have not many years before me, and those few are not very enchanting in prospect.

'Till death an honest man and candid friend will ever be dear to my heart, and Col. Ward as one of that character may ever be sure of the good will and kind remembrance of

JOHN ADAMS.

Ward! I wish you would write a dissertation upon Parties in this Country.

Colonel Joseph Ward,
Of Newtown, Massachusetts.

We have then a series of seven letters from John Adams, bearing date from April to December, 1809. They speak freely of public men and measures, are carefully written, and present admirable illustrations of Adams's excellent and practised epistolary style. The intervals between the dates, with the warmth and apparent strong interest in the correspondence, suggest that other letters must have been written, which the accidents and journeyings of the Revolution have failed to transmit to us. It is to be hoped that the letters of Ward, to which Adams replies, are yet in existence. They must have been favorable specimens of the patriotic and rhetorical schoolmaster, to open so candidly the heart of his illustrious correspondent.

The difference of date between the first of

these letters which we have published, and the following, is marked by a striking change in the subject-matter. The facts of the first period have become history to the second.—

Quincy, April 15, 1800.

DEAR SIR,—

I have received your letter of the tenth and read some of the printed papers enclosed, and intend to read the rest. You long since let me in some degree into the nature of your claim, and I always thought it founded in justice, but have never been able to assist you to any effect in procuring relief. Now I am out of the question, except as an individual.

You are persuaded that "posterity and future historians will duly estimate the merits of the founders of our nation, and the statesmen who framed our excellent Constitution." I am persuaded to the contrary, and that historical justice will never be done to any of them any more than it is by the present generation.

If the lying Documents which are to go down to posterity for the foundations of history were to be collected in volumes, the whole world could not contain the books that should be written. Let me give you an instance—in the Boston Gazette of March 27, 1809, is a piece of the signature of Spartacus, which contains more lies than lines. From amongst them all I will select one:—"Whereas, Mr. Adams in a letter written by himself, declares that Mr. Jay had the whole merit of the Treaty of Peace, having agreed upon all the material articles before his arrival!!!" A more egregious lie was never printed or written. As it is marked with inverted commas for a quotation, it is an atrocious forgery. The truth is that no material article had been agreed upon before my arrival. No article whatever had been agreed upon. None had been discussed. None could be discussed. Of the five Ministers three were absent, Adams, Lawrence, and Jefferson. Franklin and Jay only were on the spot. These two, if they had been united and disposed, could not without presumption ever have opened any conferences with the British Minister before my arrival. But Franklin and Jay could agree upon nothing. Franklin would not negotiate without communicating all to the Count de Vergennes. Jay would communicate nothing to the Count de Vergennes. In this state of suspense the whole business rested and no conferences were opened till my arrival. I then declared to my colleagues both Franklin and Jay, that I would not communicate our proceedings to the Court of Versailles, and then Franklin finding two against him and that we should go on without him, agreed to open the conferences without communicating with Vergennes. The conferences lasted near six weeks and none of the articles were agreed upon till the last night late in the evening of the twenty-ninth of November, 1782, before the signature of the Treaty on the 30th.

The articles, especially those relative to the fisheries and the refugees, were obstinately contested by the British Minister to the last moment.

It ought not to be forgotten that I was sent to Europe in 1779 alone in the Commission for Peace, and it was not till sixteen or eighteen months afterwards that Franklin, Lawrence, Jay, and Jefferson were associated with me. While I was alone in the Commission for Peace I settled the principle on

which Mr. Jay and I finally insisted; that is, not to treat or confer with any ambassadors until we had exchanged full powers and had the sight and received copies of commissions to treat with us as Ambassadors from the United States of America. By insisting on this point while I was alone, I defeated the most insidious and dangerous plot that was ever laid to ensnare us and deprive us of our independence. I mean the projected Congress at Vienna and the mediation of the two Imperial Courts, the Emperor of Germany and the Empress of Russia. This great event is wholly unknown to the Public in America, but it will be one day explained. It would require too many sheets of paper to detail it now.

Can there be anything meaner than by the grossest lies to deprive me of my share of the honor in the Negotiation of the Peace? I desire no more than my share. I should despise every tittle that should be offered me more than my share.

I am, Sir, your friend and serv't,

JOHN ADAMS.

Col. Joseph Ward, Boston.

The claim alluded to at the commencement of the last letter was for a large amount of continental money which Col. Ward had the misfortune to hold, and for which he received a dividend from the State of Massachusetts of twenty-five per cent. He maintained to the end of his life that he was entitled by every sense of honor and justice to receive this money in full. It never has been paid.

Again:

Quincy, June 6, 1800.

SIR,—I received in season your interesting favor of the 10th of May: but have not had opportunity to acknowledge it till now.

There appears to me to be a very extraordinary and unaccountable inattention in our countrymen to the history of their own country. While every kind of trifle from Europe is printed and scattered profusely in America, our own original historians are very much neglected. A copy of Dr. Mather's *Magnolia* is not to be purchased at any rate, and is scarcely to be found. Yet this contains the greatest quantity of materials relative to the first characters: Mr. Prince's *Chronology* is rarely to be found,—the second volume not at all; I never saw but one copy of it in my life. Belknap's and Minot's labors are neglected. Dr. Mayhew's writings are forgotten. Samuel Adams and John Hancock are almost buried in oblivion. Gordon's, Ramsay's, Marshall's histories appear to me to be romances. And the funding system and the banking systems seem to threaten a total destruction of all distinctions between virtue and vice.

There is a total occlusion of all the federal papers against truth. Your success has been like that of twenty others who have made similar attempts.

You mention the recent publications bearing my signature as generally read. Those that have been reprinted in the *Chronicle* have been read by the republicans; but I see no evidence that any of the "Boston Patriots" have been read at all. I am informed from the Southward that they have been reprinted in several of their papers: but here I know nothing whether they are read by anybody. Have you read them? And what

is your judgment of them? Is it worth while to persevere?

With great esteem I am, Sir, your old Friend and serv't,

J. ADAMS.

Colonel Joseph Ward, Boston.

In another number we shall continue these letters.

PHILARETE CHASLES'S AMERICAN CRITICISMS.*

No one can deny that the French writers who have directed their attention to this country have honestly addressed themselves to the business of understanding our peculiarities *from within*. They have sought the centre and heart of our institutions, in order to determine the physiology of our institutions and customs. Among foreign journalists M. Chasles, the distinguished Professor in the College of France, is the most rapid, brilliant, and sympathetic of all who have subjected our young literature to critical examination.

He derives his conclusions from no transient and temporary survey, but from a patient induction of as many facts as he could command. In these conclusions we cannot always concur; but we must acknowledge that in many of them he is more American than Americans, and consequently more right in his judgments than the majority of indigenous critics. It is true that he attaches more significance to casual and incidental ascendancy in some cases, and in others mistakes crudeness and extravagance—individual to the writers whom he discusses—further than the facts would warrant.

Several of M. Chasles's critical papers—which help to make up the present volume—we have heretofore reproduced in the *Literary World*, so that our readers are already acquainted with the method and treatment of the eminent French critic. The author's "Preliminary Notice" to the collection announces his object, with a just reference to others of his contemporaries who have discussed American life from a different point of view:—

"This volume contains several 'studies' on North America, and the development of literature and manners there. You will find here no pretension to direct the age, nor to preach new doctrines—a merit, by the way, sufficiently rare in these times.

"The Americans of the United States, last-born of the great Anglo-Saxon race, and founders of the federal republic of the United States, have conquered, in the civilized world, a place which does not permit the observer to pass them by in silence.

"For a scientific analysis of their institutions, I refer the reader to the excellent works of M. de Tocqueville and of M. Michael Chevalier. My object is different. I propose to exhibit, in a series of faithful pictures, the details of manners, traits of character, phenomena and singularity, observed upon the spot by foreign travellers, or shown forth by Americans themselves."

At the very opening M. Chasles disposes of the high claim of American literature, in sentences like these —

"And as it is impossible for a man without remembrance to have imagination, so that intellectual quality cannot belong to a people born yesterday, whose whole Past dates from yesterday. The United States of America, for so many reasons remarkable and grand, are

* Anglo-American Literature and Manners. From the French of Philarete Chasles. Scribner.

essentially modern; their genius is material and mechanic; their force lies in their good sense, their patient observation and industry. It is—as we have just said—a country without imagination because without memories. Countries grown old in sorrow, Ireland, Scotland, for instance, lend much to the imagination. They have bought that brilliant faculty dear; not a castle whose walls are not blood-stained, whose legend does not tell of a murder; not a fortress whose echoes do not bring to you from afar the sound of violence; the atmosphere of the Gaelic hills is peopled with phantoms, every lake has its fay, every cavern its enchanter; the shadow of Bruce wanders through those sombre chapels; the name of Wallace sounds with the sigh of the wind through these ruined arches.

"The United States, by a phenomenon which we have just explained, wants that dawn and penumbra which give perspective. The very tongue is not native to the soil; it has crossed the sea, and naturalized itself on that side the ocean. To preserve the purity of their style, American writers are forced to keep their regards constantly fixed upon the mother country, where are found their types and their models. If they innovate, they fear vulgarity or emphasis. In this respect they are like those modern writers who use a dead language, and fancy that they can thus restore to us Cicero, Demosthenes, Livy; forgetting that it is the social life of a people which gives energy and life to a language, and that an idiom detached from national society and manners, is a branch detached from the tree, and deprived of its sap. Scotland, even, is proud of her dialect: she has her poet Burns, whose inspiration was at once extinguished when he became unfaithful to the patois of his province."

This—we submit—with due deference to the distinguished commentator, is altogether too summary; he forgets that, although we may want the perspective of history, it is the very province of genius to supply that perspective from itself. In the pictures of Hogarth, for example, which treat of immediate, every-day London life, does he not recollect the air of distance bestowed on a familiar street view—such as the Election Scene, with the half-seen procession passing on the other side of the wall? It is this very imagination which does the work of history: to say that imagination is not employed in American works is, therefore, merely to say that the writers of such works do not possess imagination—no more. Setting out with this destructive postulate, M. Chasles dispatches in rapid succession various classes of American authors, from the colonial period down to the present day.

His effort at finding philosophy in everything, is exemplified in the reason which he gives for Brockden Brown's superfluous horrors—"American society has nothing fantastic in it."

"He understood and could express passion. Instead of yielding to the timid scruples of his compatriots, he braved criticism and only looked for effect; effect, factitious and exaggerated. Brown's demons are false demons; his monsters result from predetermination; his efforts of imagination are the struggles of an intelligence which wishes to create but which produces chimeras. There is a ridiculous super-excitement in these productions; all is forced, violent, incoherent. Nothing spontaneous, natural, simple; but always convulsions, perpetual emphasis, and horrors crowded upon horrors.

"Whence comes this vehement exaggeration? Why this unheard-of tendency to the pathetic, the immense, the romantic, fantastic,

marvellous? Because American society has nothing fantastic in it; the drama and the dithyrambic are exotics in the United States. Brown is already forgotten. It is the inevitable fate of all *outré* literature. False colors soon fade; their own exaggeration destroys them."

Washington Irving, with a hit or two at his Anglicism, is dwelt upon approvingly:—

"The most lovable works of Irving are those in which the delicate observation of his youth is naively set forth. His satiric History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker, a parody on the Dutch minuteness, and the microscopic importance claimed for themselves by the very little—the Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, and the Tales of a Traveller—works which will remain, and which, indeed, are refined continuations of the style of Addison—constitute what one may call Irving's first manner. Criticism had accused him of feebleness; he wished to rise higher, and wrote the History of Christopher Columbus, and that of his companions—that of the Conquest of Grenada, and at last the Alhambra. In this second manner there is a little too high coloring and emphasis; but the research is conscientious and the style brilliant."

A peculiarity of Cooper is pointedly sketched in the following:—

"The author is as if in a jury-box, he tells the truth, and nothing but the truth. If two foemen fight with fierce rage upon the edge of a precipice, if there be between them issues of life and death, Cooper tells you the color of the rock; how many feet it rises above the level of the sea; whether it be of silex or granite; what plants grow there; what birds build there; its latitude. Another would be content to set forth the vicissitudes of the combat, the convulsions of suffering, the triumph, the agony. But this is not enough for Cooper. Every muscle of the combatants must be visible; he shows his subject not merely naked, but skinned.

"If such a system were to prevail, a grain of sand or a butterfly's wing would serve as a text for volumes; there is no reason why authors should ever stop in their descriptions."

In a chapter on "certain American novelists and travellers," this characterization is given of Mr. Mathews's "Puffer Hopkins," which, in its irony as an index of a phase of American civilization, reminds the writer of "Roman Gaul:—

"This irony in the United States is still very rude; it will become refined, but at present it is singularly bitter and coarse. Readers upon this side of the Atlantic can only feel disgust for the odious scenes written by two satiric painters of manners, Messrs. Moore and Mathews, authors of *Tom Stapleton* and *Puffer Hopkins*. I read eagerly these sketches of American life by Americans. The impression is a mournful one; it is not popular, but low and aristocratic in the worst sense of that word; faded and corrupted vices, without grace or taste; a coward life which pursues titles, envies fortune, rushes upon success. These manners are destitute of purity, passion, simplicity, elegance, or greatness—'tis the lowest shopkeeper of Whitehall, transported into gilded drawing-rooms, and clumsily borrowing the upper vices without forgetting or losing the baser. It is no longer Washington; it has not become Horace Walpole. I cannot express the disdain and grief produced by these crazy and brutal manners, which belong by their impurity to the scandalous boudoirs of the old world, and smell of the bar-room while claiming to be aristocratic."

The satiric point of that much talked-of

book, Puffer Hopkins, has not escaped M. Chasles. He does injustice to its general spirit, however. Had he at the time been acquainted, as we have reason to know he has since become, with Mr. Mathews's other writings, he would have formed a fairer idea of the book he has noticed. It possesses many high qualities which the author has since more maturely developed; but in its best descriptions, its pictures of feeling and fancy, it is widely separable from the transient literature with which M. Chasles confounds it. He appears to have received, at the time of writing these criticisms, a budget of the cheap pamphlet publications of the hour, a form into which the exigencies of the trade drove alike some of the best and worst productions of the time. The dingy paper and close type of the Brother Jonathan editions would hardly recommend the contents of a pamphlet to the cultivated and luxurious book-tastes of the Parisian. We trust M. Chasles may yet avail himself of some opportunity to present a fairer, because fuller, view of Mr. Mathews's different productions.

We have been struck with the zeal displayed by M. Chasles, in keeping himself "up" in the current American literature. He receives and imparts a suggestion with infinite readiness. He has his eye, for instance, upon "local archæology"—"No fraction of the United States," says he, "so small as not to have a historian; no city so small as not to become visible in octavo or quarto, with engravings." This glimpse, too, is from the life—"The European literature is curiously treated in the United States. In the scarcely cleared regions of the West, traversed by the railroad, children haunt the stations, shrieking out 'New novel by Paul de Kock, sir?' or some other such matter." The consideration of this huge American bustle and impetus in the production of all sorts of literature, seeks relief, in M. Chasles's mind, in an appropriate apologue—of a being of a portentous character to appear upon the face of the earth—whose coming has been already foreshadowed.

THE GRAND SPOON.

"There is then no want of volumes. The globe is covered with them. Soon the forests will be gone, and they will raise pyramids of books which they do not know what to do with. A quaint and clever man, the *Philosophe Inconnu*, Saint Martin, asks how one shall get rid of all those books which repeat the same idea with a shadow of difference in manner, two thousand years hence. And he proposes in one of his strangest and least known works, the following burlesque and facetious plan. To reduce all existing books to a *pap*, and with this encyclopedic mixture to nourish childhood and youth; clever men and sages are to be the nurses, and are to receive as reward a grand spoon, according to the grade which each shall attain in this new University—silver spoon, gilt spoon, gold spoon—the highest title to be that of *Grand Spoon*!"

In fine, M. Chasles's volume is eminently readable—none perhaps the less for its French characteristic of eager generalizing, which refreshes the, to cis-Atlantic readers, somewhat worn topics. It is an excellent corrective in its frank, off-hand, suggestive way of the prevalent spirit of puffery, and we should add is generally well presented, with life and spirit in its English dress, by the translator, Mr. Donald McLeod.

JERDAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

SECOND VOLUME.

We have pointed out the characteristics of Mr. Jerdan's account of himself as a man of letters in a previous article. His second volume continues his melancholy refrain, of the ills of the literary life. We are told again and again how inevitably poverty is the condition of the author tribe; how, with the exception of Dickens, every writer in England would probably be starving if dependent upon the pecuniary resources of his pen—and all this because William Jerdan at the close of life is not a man of fortune. Unluckily for the argument, the witness's facts are very much against himself. We have on every page of his complaint luxurious evidences of good company kept, good dinners eaten, and a general state of hilarity and pleasing excitement. Literature, whatever its rewards may be in many cases, introduced Jerdan to the best society, of politicians, statesmen, wits, authors, artists, actors, celebrated men and women—the whole routine of London life in its highest gaiety. Mr. Jerdan, according to his own choice of the world and his own confessions, has lived well. As a man of lively talent, with literary impulses rather than powers, he certainly succeeded remarkably well. If literature has no greater hardships to complain of, literature is exceedingly well off. Had he been a man of genius or a first rate man of talent, he would probably have done better still; and, had he been further a man of ordinary prudence, he might in that case have preserved the fortune which he could have secured.

We cannot take the grumbling side in this question, for various considerations, partly out of respect for literature itself and mostly for the common sense necessities of the case. Literature as a profession is comparatively a luxurious one, even in many of its humbler departments, alongside of the drudgeries of a trade or many forms of mercantile life. The man who gets a living by it at all, who is not at once driven from the threshold, may enjoy a considerable share of leisure and retirement, and in his working hours may be conscious of one of the most exquisite enjoyments of which a thinking man is capable—the successful use and development of his mental powers. When we remember that even the hireling of literature is commonly free from the mechanical restraints of time and place; that he may be pretty much where he pleases, and select the happiest hour for his inspirations out of the twenty-four—we have intimated a condition for which the apprentice, the clerk, or the merchant bound down to his desk or his shop, would gladly pay no small portion of his salary. Literature is in fact an employment at a premium for which man should be willing to pay something down. It is an honorable and easy post in the world's Red Book with a small salary.

People talk of its jealousies, of its misappreciation, of its failures; and yet in spite of all these destructive agencies, the internal feuds of authors, the resistance of publishers, and the indifference of the public, how many people of incapacity, mere pretension, and indubitable dulness, slip into the profession and enjoy its rewards! Physicians tell us that if human life were not severely tested in

its infancy the world would be filled with decrepitude, weakness, and misery. If every man who chooses to consider himself an author were at once to be provided with a bountiful estate, a well filled cellar, and a brilliant equipage, we fear the world would be in the condition of California at the opening of the gold mines. The splendid habitations would be filled, and all other modes of life abandoned.

It is highly desirable for the intellectual growth of a nation that the tests of literary success should be severe, and that its highest rewards should be bestowed only on the highest merit and perseverance.

If any man has been well paid in the world in actual enjoyment and opportunities for making a fortune, we should say it was the author of this Autobiography.

As a writer about himself, Mr. Jerdan is sadly out; as a talker about other people he is occasionally very happy—particularly in his reminiscences of the wit and social anecdote which is sprinkled here and there among the good dinners of "the last fifty years."

Our curiosity was provoked in the first volume by the praises bestowed for his wit and humor upon a solicitor of the name of Fladgate. He was said to be a worthy companion of the Sydney Smiths, Theodore Hooks, and all that, not numerous, tribe of great wits. We now get a glimpse of his quality:—

MR. FLADGATE.

"Mr. Fladgate, the solicitor in Essex street, was one of the Sydney Smith species of wits (who are so rare), and was so prolific in piquant sayings, that, if all were remembered, they might fill a volume. When Elliston was in treaty to become the lessee of Drury Lane theatre, he gave way to more than his usual excitement, and consulting his legal adviser at all hours in no very proper state, Fladgate exclaimed to him, 'Hang it, sir, there is no getting through any business with you, who come to me fresh drunk every night, and stale drunk every morning.' Elliston, like Elia Lamb, was easily affected by wine.—But to Curwood. One day, at the dinner-table, a troublesome blue-bottle fly kept buzzing about and alighting on the meats, apparently more attracted to Curwood's plate than to any other; provoked by this, at last he started up, and, with napkin in hand, pursued the offender to the window and round the room, slashing away at it right and left. There was a call to sit down again and be still, as the chase was disturbing us all; when Fladgate quietly observed, 'Oh, for Heaven's sake let them alone! I want to see which will beat!' On another occasion, Curwood called upon him on a Sunday forenoon to propose a walk, and, according to the fashion of the time, when not in professional costume, was dressed in a blue coat with bright gilt buttons, and all the rest of his attire, to the very stockings, of bright yellow. The moment he entered, Fladgate jumped from his seat, and pointing to a canary breeding-cage belonging to one of his children, cried, 'By Jove, the canary has hatched one of her eggs without our having noticed it!' His were seldom or never puns, but savored always of the neatness of French touch and allusion."

Canning was one of the friends to whose intimacy Jerdan was admitted. Something of a reward that certainly for a litterateur, and Mr. Jerdan is justly proud of it—gracefully prefacing his volume with the portrait and country-seat of the accomplished gentleman and statesman. We have this tribute to the charm of his conversation:—

CANNING'S CONVERSATION.

"The playfulness of his conversation was equally felicitous, and so gentle and unobtrusive, that one was surprised at the end of an hour or two at recalling, or rather endeavoring to recall, so many pleasanties which had passed unnoticed at the moment of their utterance. The fact is, that in seasons of familiar and social intercourse, the whole was such a flow of quiet humor that, like a placid stream, you hardly noticed the current, and it was only when some salient point, not the best, but the most observable, from the ripple it made, excited greater attention, that a small portion of his gifts in this way could be recalled to memory, or were susceptible of repetition. Thus, when my worthy compatriot, Joseph Hume, was making his strongest retrenching and popular efforts in Parliament, Mr. Canning observed, 'Hume is an extraordinary ordinary man;' that could be repeated, but the finest essence of the accompanying discourse never could be expressed: it melted into thin air, and was delicious to breathe. The same may also be said of his joocular *mot*, on hearing Mr. Fitzgerald recite a poem at the Literary Fund Anniversary, '*Pœta nascitur non Fitz*,' with which Fitz himself was excessively pleased. I may remark that pure wit is the most evanescent of intellectual productions, and it is only when mixed with a portion, more or less, of earthly dross, that it can be made palpable. At the end of a joyous and delightful party, you cannot describe what made it so charming; you can only tell two or three, perhaps, of the most material and least ethereal jests, or sayings, which floated on the surface of the deeper feast of reason. Ideas abounded: language was only occasionally pointed."

This is followed by a tribute to Sheridan, with a very neat but very melancholy jest:

SHERIDANIANA.

"The death of Mr. Sheridan cast a gloom over many of his associates, and I may say, the public in general; though they were amused with Yorick jests, probably invented for him, to exhibit the strength of the ruling passion. His wit was just the opposite of what I have endeavored to explain as the wit of Canning. Its highest flavor consisted of the more palpable spirit of which the other left a smaller quantity to be carried off. Thus the *mot* ascribed to him, when seated at the window a few days before his death, and seeing a hearse go by, he exclaimed, 'Ah, that is the carriage after all!' was in everybody's mouth, and compared with the slow-coach joke of Rogers, who, when told that it was called the 'Regulator,' remarked, 'I thought so, for all the others go by it.' Another of Mr. Sheridan's, at this sad period, was more likely to be true. His complaint was understood to have arisen originally from a tumor, for which an operation was advised that might have saved his life, but to which he refused to submit, observing that he had suffered two operations in his time, and would not submit to a third. On being asked what they were, as they had not been heard of before, he replied, 'that he had had his hair cut, and sat for his picture!' Poor reminiscences these of the man of such marvellous talent, that it is told of him, on the same night when he made one of his brilliant speeches in Parliament, the '*Duenna*' was performed at one, and the '*Rivals*' played at the other national theatre."

We have some delightful notices of

JOHN KEMBLE.

"John Kemble, glorious John, was to his intimates a treasure, and though something of his sepulchral tone could generally be distinguished in his convivial hours and conversation, he was off the stage as different from

*The Autobiography of William Jerdan, M.R.S.L., Corresponding Member of the Real Academia de la Historia of Spain, &c. &c. With his Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence during the last fifty years. Vol. II. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co.

John Kemble on the stage as it is possible to imagine. This is seldom the case with eminent performers; but in him the stately majesty of tragedy was left on the fall of the curtain, and within half an hour after Richard had been himself again, John Kemble, with some pleasant companions, was also himself again! He had a grand gusto for the society he liked, and his enjoyment of it was contagious. Of many memorable instances, I shall give two or three to exemplify my reminiscences; premising that his fine classical cultivation and critical acumen rendered him as oracularly instructive when in that vein as he was socially delightful in his merrier moods.

"What a word it is that I have so often to repeat in this work—'I remember'—'I remember.' I remember John Kemble in his happiest hours. I remember one night being in the front seat of the stage-box at the theatre, and witnessing his Coriolanus with that intense admiration which fixed and transported me from beginning to end. The next day, he happened to call, and I expressed to him the delight I had received, adding, that frequently as I had seen him in the character before, I had never thought that he played it to such absolute perfection. 'And I will tell you the secret,' he responded. 'I caught your eye, on my entering the stage; I knew I had got you, and I performed Coriolanus to you, as if quite insensible of any other audience.' * * *

"In comic theatrical criticism, I remember no one superior to Kemble. The description he gave me of his Reuben Glenroy, in one scene a poor fellow in Wales, and the next a millionaire on the Royal Exchange, without the public discovering any discrepancy, was a rich and humorous treat, enough to set the table in a roar. His remarks on the Timon of Athens by a celebrated contemporary were no less egregious and irresistibly laughable. But there was always much fun and a spice of sarcastic humor in him, which those who never met him in private circles could not imagine in the stern tragedian and noblest Roman of them all."

It is after descriptions like the following that Mr. Jordan dashes our mirth by telling to what miserable fates authorship is dedicated:—

GOOD WINE AND GOOD COMPANY.

"To generous wine he (Kemble) was no enemy. I remember he was one of a party of four made up by Mr. R. Clarke, Mr. Taylor (I think, or Mr. Fladgate), and myself, who hired a glass-coach to carry us to Hampstead, and dinner with Mr. Freeling, who then resided there, on account of the indifferent health of his lady. As might be anticipated, we spent a most agreeable day, and were sorry when the hour of departure (somewhat sooner than usual, on account of the invalid) arrived. The carriage was at the door, we had descended into the lobby, and hatted and cloaked ourselves, and bid 'good night' to Mr. Freeling, on the top of the stairs, when we suddenly missed our companion. No Kemble was forthcoming, and yet we waited a considerable time, whilst the servants sought him 'that night' as they did the poor bride in the Old Oak Chest (so pathetically sung by Mr. Lane, the charming lithographic artist), and with no greater success. So, as we could not stop till 'they sought him next day,' we reluctantly gave him up, wondering what could have happened to him, resigned him to his fate, whatever it might be, and drove away. All the ensuing forenoon we were full of surmises and speculations, and not devoid of some uneasiness, now that the after-dinner roseate spirits had been slept upon, when our host favored us at the office with one of his customary calls. From him we learnt that our great comrade was alive and well, and the history of his disappearance was

thus explained. When Mr. Freeling returned for a moment to the dining-room we had left, the lost Kemble stepped majestically forth from behind the door, and exclaimed, 'Frank, my boy, that claret was too good for those fellows, and I have stopped behind to enjoy a cool bottle with you!' The claret was produced, the butler received conditional orders, and after sipping a glass or two, Mr. Freeling stole off to the invalid chamber, leaving his unobservant guest, who had got into a brown study, to enjoy his reverie and cool claret together as long as he liked. I am inclined to think he did not 'awake, arise,' in aught like a hurry. He stood the consequent bantering with much good humor, and, in return, pitied us for what we had missed."

And take this little morsel of misery in company with "the late John Trotter, Esq.:"

A BOTTLE OF PORT.

"One summer day after dinner, I continued to drink a glass or two of port, instead of paying my respects, as usual in hot weather, to the superb claret which was an honor to a cellar where every vintage was of the best. Mr. Trotter asked why I did so, and I answered that I had got hold of a wine so peculiar, that I could not make out what it was, though it bore a stronger resemblance to rich fruity port than to anything else to which I could compare it. He tasted it, and inquired of the butler out of what bin he had taken it; and on being told, the Big Book was sent for, from which it was immediately discovered that the precious tippie belonged to a supply which he and Mr. Thomas Coutts, the banker, had bought as a curiosity in 1795, on the faith of its character; being then of ripe age, and fermented from the juice that dripped from ripe grapes, and without the admixture of a single drop of brandy. Such was the *Ichor Deorum* respecting which these Sybilline leaves afforded so distinct and satisfactory a record."

The anecdotal part of the book is the best. Here is a contribution to the stock afloat concerning

THE ARTIST TURNER.

"On one occasion, Turner, our prince of landscape painters, of whom Lord de Tabley had been a most liberal patron, spent a day or two at Tabley when I was there. In the drawing-room stood a landscape on an easel, on which his lordship was at work as the fancy mood struck him. Of course, when assembled for the tedious half hour before dinner, we all gave our opinions on its progress, its beauties, and its defects. I stuck a blue wafer on to show where I thought a bit of bright color or a light would be advantageous; and Turner took the brush and gave a touch here and there to mark some improvements. He returned to town, and, can it be credited! the next morning at breakfast a letter from him was delivered to his lordship, containing a regular bill of charges for 'Instructions in painting.' His Lordship tossed it across the table indignantly to me, and asked if I could have imagined such a thing; and as indignantly, against my remonstrances, immediately sent a cheque for the sum demanded by the 'Drawing Master!'"

A musty anecdote of Parr and Mackintosh set on its legs again:—

SCOTCH DOGS.

"About the time of the trial of O'Quigley, who was hanged at Maidstone, for treason, in 1798, some articles appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle,' apparently reflecting on Fox. Dr. Parr read them, and was much displeased. He attributed them to Macintosh (not then Sir James) because they contained some literary criticism or remark which Parr thought he

had communicated to Macintosh exclusively; in point of fact, he was wrong, as it turned out in the sequel that Macintosh had nothing to do with them; but while in the state of wrath which his belief that Macintosh was the author occasioned, he (Dr. Parr) and Macintosh dined together at the table of Sir William Milner, in Manchester street, Manchester Square. In the course of conversation, after dinner, Macintosh observed, that 'O'Quigley was one of the greatest villains that ever was hanged.' Dr. Parr had been watching for an opening, and immediately said, 'No, Jemmy! bad as he was, he might have been a great deal worse. He was an Irishman; he might have been a Scotchman! He was a priest; he might have been a lawyer. He stuck to his principles—(giving a violent rap on the table)—he might have betrayed them!'"

"The made-up addition to this philippic, living only 'on the lip,' has converted the third branch into, 'He was a turncoat; he might have been a traitor!' Or, 'He was a traitor: he might have been an apostate,'"

"About this time Parr, who was in constant correspondence with the publisher, Mr. Mawman, who was present, and from whom this accurate version of a remarkable anecdote, so much valued for its sarcastic force, as unsurpassed in language, is recorded, said, 'I do not like Macintosh; he is a Scotch dog. I hate Scotch dogs; they prowl like lurchers, they fawn like spaniels, they thief like greyhounds; they're sad dogs, and they're mangy into the bargain, and they stink like pugs.'"

"It is a curious comment upon this national charge (and would have delighted Parr beyond measure to know), that Macintosh's paramount enjoyment of a hot summer day was to lie on a sofa (in Cadogan Place, as I recollect in his latter years), and, almost in a state of Indian nudity, be manipulated from head to heel with the flesh-brush. A good new novel, to read while the operation was going on, made the luxury complete."

We close this entertaining melange with a fine poem by Barry Cornwall, one of that author's early contributions to the *Literary Gazette*:—

WOMAN.

"Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her breath hath lost its faint perfume,
And the gloss hath dropped from her golden hair,
And her forehead is pale, though no longer fair.
"And the Spirit that sate on her soft blue eye
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that play'd on her lip hath fled,
And every grace hath now left the dead.
"Like slaves, they obey'd her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die
Shrank from the tone of her last sad sigh.
And this is *Man's* fidelity!
"Tis *Woman* alone, with a firmer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart,
And love the more, and soothe, and bless
Man in his utter wretchedness."

DR. KRAITSIR'S GLOSSOLOGY.*

This is an original work. Dr. Kraitsir's reputation as a linguist, founded on his personal facility in speaking and writing the various languages of Europe, has been distinguished ever since his arrival in this

* Glossology: being a Treatise on the Nature of Language and on the Language of Nature. By Charles Kraitsir, M.D. Putnam.

country, some twenty years since; and those most familiar with him, being some of the most distinguished scholars in the country, have reported that he possessed the science of this art of tongues, and that it was this science which gave him his universality of attainment, still more than a happy genius and uncommon advantages of position, and that by means of his science he communicated his art.

In Charlotte Hall, Maryland, and in the University of Virginia, he was Professor for some years, and uniformly impressed the cultivated men around him with a sense of his talent and acquirement, as well as high moral worth. He resigned his professorship in Virginia, to the regret of his fellow-professors, about the year 1844; partly through the attractions which Boston presented, in being the residence of the kindred genius—Pickering—who died, however, the year of Dr. Kraitsir's removal to Boston, but not before the former had done what he could to fix the latter in a school in that city, where several gentlemen engaged him to educate their boys. This school he left when it was in its infancy, attracted to his native Hungary by its movements for liberty (for he was originally a political exile, having gone to Poland in 1831). The new misfortunes of Hungary involved him in their consequences; but few of the exiles have it in their power to do for their Western asylum what he can do, and we rejoice to see that he seems fairly to have commenced the work. This country, from its manifold population and manifold relations to other countries, has a general interest in the subject of language-learning that no other country has ever had. It is almost indispensable that its business men, as well as scholars, should be able to speak many languages, to serve their daily turn. Everybody feels this, and the country swarms with *maitres de langue*, who labor, the majority of them with fidelity, to teach; and yet, is it not the despair of young and old, that after all it is the rarest thing to find even the educated conversing freely in any language besides their own?

Nothing, therefore, can be more timely than the introduction of a science of language, bearing in a vital manner upon the art. We can only hope for this from a man himself possessing the art. But although one possessing it in so high a degree must necessarily have principles one would desire to investigate, it is not every one who does this that can communicate a science. But Dr. Kraitsir can. This is the testimony of every one who has studied with him. The uniformity of this testimony has operated sometimes as a prohibition upon learning of him—as his pupils say that they learn of him a great deal more than merely the grammatical technicalities and phraseology of the language in question, it is not uncommon to hear it said, "I do not wish to be a philologist—I would merely read this language, or speak it." They can hardly believe that, by commencing with the most general ideas of language, and coming to see, by a new mode of analysing and classifying words, the elements of all speech, they will find themselves, ere they are aware, in the heart of the special dialect which they wish to look into.

Dr. Kraitsir's science is much more than the development of a single principle. Its main principle is the symbolism of the organs of speech. In this rests the final significance

of words. But this principle is modified by others, which are to be appreciated—such as the play upon each other of the organs in the cases of composite words, that they may conform to the natural laws of euphony; an instance of this is found in the Greek language, and the infirmity of whole nations in the use of certain organs. The Sanscrit, and even the Polish language, has consonant sounds not to be heard in the more western languages of Europe, and the French can hardly sound any two consonants together. Languages are differentiated by these minor laws, while they find their unity in the primary law which makes the raw material of languages the same.

But although language is merely the result of laws as deep as man's relation to nature and unity within himself, yet there are some things arbitrary which have been superinduced upon every language by the circumstance that the science of its formation has been lost in confusions and corruptions to which the race has been subjected. There are slang words, counters, and other corruptions that have been foisted into language, which require to be explained by historical facts, &c.—information which Dr. Kraitsir is well circumstanced to furnish. He is not a mere linguist. A combination of circumstances gave him the command of many quite diverse languages in his childhood. This advantage made his lingual studies peculiarly easy and extensive at school and college. But his objects were natural science and history, and it was historical investigations which led him to look at comparative philology systematically. Incidentally coming upon the study, his analytical genius led him into the depths of the subject, and then he had all the advantage of his historical and other education to explain accidental words, which have led most philologists astray. The results of all this are the views which make up the present work, in which there is so much original that he has justifiably chosen a new derivative to characterize his instructions.

The present work is practical, though not a perfect development into a practical treatise of his science. It is introductory, but a necessary introduction. It does what the author always begins with doing when he teaches a language. It clears the ground. And it is entertaining, even for one who reads on such subjects rather for the sake of others yet to be educated than for his own, to see the masterly manner in which he demolishes the common scholastic methods, and sows the seeds of a more natural method.

As a specimen of Dr. Kraitsir's style, we extract the following:—

"Speech, as a necessary function of man's sensations, heart-affections, and intellectual faculties, arose instinctively, involuntarily, yet in keeping with the divine harmony of the universe; whereas the single languages of the several nations were affected by the more or less correct choice, often by the caprice of their speakers, who themselves were influenced by local and other agencies. The essentials of the one human speech are ever the same. Each people's genetic power of speech, peculiar in each, amalgamates the phonetic (sound) elements with the feelings and mental conceptions into an organic unity. Owing to the individual variety of each man, every one has a kind of dialect of his own, which varies, even according to the different phases of his intellectual and sensual life: for each person em-

bodies whatever his mind receives or produces, according to its peculiar cast.

"Speech, issuing from the spirit, renews also upon it. Without a union with sounds of speech the very thoughts are faint; the operations of the brain, the articulations of the organs of speech, and the sensation of the organ of hearing, being one inseparable synergy (co-operation). Thought, like a flash of lightning, collects—crystallizes the whole power of the mind to one point, and utters itself by a precise distinct unity of articulate sounds. All nerves connected with the phonetic and acoustic organs are thus set in motion, and the surrounding air is made to vibrate with mind. As thought longs to break forth from its hidden recess into patent space, so the voice strives to issue from the breast through 'the hedge of teeth' into the atmosphere. Speech is as much a function of thinking man as breathing, not a mere means of communication with others, but also a means of understanding himself.

"Peculiar marks of objects teach us to distinguish, while their common marks teach us to combine. Yet we ever strive higher and higher, towards a more clear and more embracing unity; hence the one sound is made to be the symbolie (coincident) representative of the object, of its inward mental picture, and of the sympathetic (co-affected) effort of the organs of speech and hearing. In no other sensual activity is there a more wonderful, a more complicated, yet more sharply distinct, quantity of modifications, than in this embodiment of our spirit, than in this trinity of object, mind, and voice, one and indivisible. The word becomes itself a new outward object, linking the world with man, and man with man. The erectness of man's body goes hand in hand with the uprightness of his soul, with the upward tendency of his speech.

"Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini sublimè dedit, cœlumque iurè
Jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."
Ovid. Met. I. v. 84.

Though every function of our senses be synthetic with an action of our soul, yet the inward picture tears itself from this union, becomes an outward object, and being perceived in its turn, reverts inwardly to make of itself a new portrait in the mind. Thus (what is called) objectivity is transformed into subjectivity, to be again metamorphosed into objectivity. We never really think without words, though they may remain 'in petto, sotto voce,' inaudible to others. But considered as a phenomenon, speech develops itself only in society, and man understands himself fully only after he has tried the intelligibility of his words on others. Mutual understanding sharpens the intellectual and speech-powers of speakers to each other; so that with the increase of social co-operation in speaking, the language gains in perfection. The power of thought needs to be kindled by the homogeneity of thought in others: while it is being tested by the heterogeneity of the latter.

"While children are being introduced into the mysteries of speech that floods around them, although yet speechless (infants), they learn, in Pythagorean silence, the whole organism of language; they not merely store up words in their memory, but they grow and wax 'strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God is upon them.'—St. Luke ii. 40. Alas! not long after they are sent into the temple, to sit 'in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions' (v. 46), but the doctors 'understand not the sayings which they speak unto them' (v. 50): they give them stones for bread, serpents for fishes."

He adds:—

"It seems almost needless to add that the book has not been intended to be either a

complete detailed treatise on a specific language, or a complete expositor of all that could be said on the nature of language, in general. It is rather a feeler (p. 162 and top of 163) of the capacity of public taste, a poker into the Alps of school-dust, and a broom which may help to sweep out some of it. Unless, and before this latter operation be performed, the suggestions of the book cannot be productive of as much benefit as perhaps they might on that condition.

"Should the fate of the book show a desire of an amendment in elementary and organic instruction, more elaborate, less polemic and quite practicable treatises will be offered to a public which is not repelled from progress by being told 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'"

ROSCOE'S CRIMINAL EVIDENCE.*

THERE is something in the outward aspect of this weighty and elegantly executed Law book from the press of the Messrs. Johnson, of Philadelphia (well known to the Bar as the publishers of that excellent series, the *Law Library*), which commands respect, and excludes the idea that it can by any possibility fall short of its pretensions of containing within its ample pages the whole body of the law of criminal evidence. A careful examination of the work will attest the correctness of such a first impression. It is one of the most able and thorough of the laborious class of books to which it belongs. It presents in a complete and compact form the law of which it treats in all its multifarious branches, and is eminently worthy of the high position it has so long held as a work of standard authority both in England and this country. It is not only a practical treatise upon the law of evidence, but also a complete Digest of adjudged cases in this difficult department of the law, thus furnishing to the practitioner in criminal courts a complete summary of principles and authority. The first American edition was published as long ago as 1835, with notes of cases decided in this country up to that time, by Mr. Sharswood, of Philadelphia. Other editions have since been issued and a fourth is now called for. During the last few years the cases requiring the application of the principles of criminal law have greatly multiplied in this country, and have both added numerous authorities to the list of adjudications, and also increased the necessity and the demand for able and reliable guides in that branch of legal administration which affects the lives and liberties of men. The present edition has been carefully prepared with the view of making it a *contemporaneous* work, and of including in its references and citations the latest American as well as foreign cases. In its present form and arrangement it is a most valuable work for the Library of the civil as well as the criminal practitioner.

In the presence of a work like this, whose thousand pages contain the condensed results of the wisdom and experience of nearly as many years applied to the innumerable phenomena of crime and human responsibility, instead of wondering at the difficulties which often seem to impede the cause of justice or the effort of arriving at the truth in criminal cases, there is more reason to wonder that any definite or organized system of the law

of evidence as applied to such cases could ever have been eliminated from so many conflicting elements. In theory, rules of evidence are the same in criminal and in civil proceedings; what may be received in the one may be received in the other, and what is rejected in the one ought to be rejected in the other. This is the starting point of all correct reasoning upon the laws of evidence. But it is in the application of these rules to the multifarious phases and circumstances of criminal investigation that difficulties arise which require the clearest judgment and discrimination for their solution. For example, in the familiar instance of presumptive or circumstantial evidence, the principles upon which this class of proofs depend are always the same, but they deal with probabilities and not with certainties, and the degree of probability which would satisfy the ends of justice in civil cases often falls utterly short of that required as a ground of judgment when the life or liberty of an accused man are at stake. The same thing is true with regard to positive testimony. The principles and laws which govern it are invariable; but in all cases of criminal inquiry the greater liability to mistake, and the stronger motives for concealment or untruth, interpose to vary and perplex their just operation. The failure to convict in cases of flagrant crime, and convictions, on the other hand, in instances of doubtful guilt, are by turns frequent subjects of public surprise and condemnation; but it is a part of the price which society pays for its highest civilization that the refinements and distinctions which result from the perfection of legal science are sometimes necessarily perverted and misapplied. The most subtle and delicate forces of mechanism, evidencing the greatest skill and forming the greatest trophies of human genius, are often strangely converted into instruments of destruction, but not because such is their design or their working. So with the science of criminal jurisprudence; like all other sciences its development is gradual, and its highest results the fruit of many years' growth, and liable in their operation to many contradictory and seemingly fatal accidents, but its steady progress is in spite of these obstacles, and in exact proportion to the advance of true civilization.

If our judges, who by necessity are obliged to preside over trials for murder, arson, burglary, and such like crimes, and our lawyers, who by choice select the criminal courts for the theatre of their professional activity, would take the trouble to make themselves masters of this science, to which their every day's practice invites them, but which they are too apt to degrade into a theory of chances or a matter of accidental impression, we should have stricter justice and more honest communities.

Spiers' and Surenne's French and English Pronouncing Dictionary. Carefully revised, corrected, and enlarged, by G. P. Quackenbos, A.M. D. Appleton & Co.—This work is based on the recent dictionary of Spiers, published in Paris. The editor has combined with Spiers's work that of Surenne, giving the pronunciation of every word inserted. In addition to this he has corrected some three thousand typographical and other errors to be found in the last edition of Spiers, and also many definitions, and some four thousand idiomatic phrases of constant use in general conversation.

Remarks on synonyms have also been inserted at the close of the definition of words requiring such explanation. The irregularities of the irregular verbs are also all inserted in the dictionary, and reference made to their infinitives.

Finally, "four thousand new French words, connected with science, art, and general literature, have been inserted," selected mainly from recent works on medicine, surgery, and chemistry. As it is a leading object with many persons in acquiring the French to enable themselves to read the works on those sciences extant in it, these additions are of much practical value.

Turning from the preface, in which these matters are set forth, to the pages of the dictionary itself, we find, on testing it by various words, that it possesses the advantages claimed for it.

In the important matter in a work of this kind of typographical execution, the volume is far in advance of any French dictionary heretofore published in this country. It is uniform in size with the German and Spanish dictionaries issued by the same house. An Italian dictionary of similar excellence (a work much needed) will, we hope, be added to the series.

The Ladies' New Book of Cookery. By Sara Josepha Hale. Long & Brother.—A good practical book on excellent philosophical principles. One of these is the due preservation of the "radical heat and the radical moisture" so much insisted upon by Uncle Toby in Flanders—in a just use of meats and sauces, according to scientific proportions, laid down in an excellent preface, entitled "The Philosophy of Cookery." Another is a conscientious care of the human race, beginning with childhood, a chapter being provided, "an entirely new feature," entitled *Cookery for Children*. Then there is the eclectic principle—"As our Republic is made up from the people of all lands, so we have gathered the best receipts from the Domestic Economy of the different nations of the Old World." France, of course, furnishes the largest quota; but the whole has been revised for American use, in which Mrs. Hale's tact and experience have been put to good account.

Hagar, a Romance of To-Day. By Alice Carey. J. S. Redfield.—This story belongs to the sombre and somewhat morbid school of fiction, now apparently striving to become the literary fashion of the day. Its chief character is, as her name implies, an outcast. The man who has wronged her is a clergyman, who after a practice common in some of our religious societies, though happily not in all, abandons his pulpit, after having obtained the greatest success as a popular preacher, for what he considers the higher calling of literature. His cold-blooded ambition causes him to refuse to repair Hagar's wrongs by marriage. In a moment of better feeling, however, he offers to do so, but the sight of an unsealed letter which Hagar has addressed to a young man who is an inmate of the same boarding-house with herself, thanking him in general terms for some kindnesses he has rendered her, excites absurd doubts of her constancy in his mind, and he leaves her, carrying off with him their infant child. He does not return. Hagar, disguising herself, becomes the nurse of a rich man's daughter who grows up to womanhood and marries the author clergyman. Hagar is still retained by the lady, and unrecognized by the husband until he finds her one night examining a secret drawer containing the skeleton of their child. His old passion returns, and he entreats her to fly with him. She refuses, and with the coffin of her child in her arms rushes forth. A day or two afterwards as she wanders along the highway, a vehicle passes. She recognises at the barred window the ghastly face of the clergyman, a

* A Digest of the Law of Evidence in Criminal Cases. By Henry Roscoe, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law; with considerable additions. By T. C. Granger, Esq. Barrister at Law. 4th American from the 3d London Edition, with notes and references to American Decisions and to the English Common Law and Ecclesiastical Reports. By George Sharswood. Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson. 1852.

raving maniac. He is on his way to the living tomb of a lunatic asylum. Hagar pursues her course to the West, and passes the remainder of her days in the exercise of kind but mournful services to the dying and the dead.

These are the main incidents of the story, and certainly, with some extravagance, display vigor. The subordinate characters of the book are of little account, and all the attempts at humor are failures. The book would be a far better one with these excrescences lopped off and the whole reduced considerably within its present limits.

Kuhner's Greek Grammar, translated by Edwards and Taylor. A Short and Comprehensive Greek Grammar. By J. T. Champlin. Appleton & Co.—The first of these publications is an honorable example of the diligence of our scholars in keeping pace with the mature labors of the German linguists. It is a new revised edition of the joint translation by the late Professor Edwards and Mr. S. H. Taylor, the Principal of Phillips Academy—with additions and corrections from the last improved German issue of the author. Prof. Edwards was engaged upon this work when the illness resulting in his recent death interrupted his labors—which were much beyond those of ordinary translation, in the clear enunciation of the subtle principles and analysis and novel and laborious examples which constitute the philosophical merits of Kuhner's Grammar, and the adaptation of these to the wants of the American scholar. Fullness of illustration is another merit of this work, in which the translators have incurred the additional labor of verifying the references to the classic authors. By the side of this established authority of the language Messrs. Appleton also publish an elementary Greek Grammar by Prof. Champlin, of Waterville College. This work is also largely drawn from Kuhner's labors. The design is to exhibit the grand outline of the language in a clear practical summary—charging the memory with the ordinary forms, leaving theory and ample illustration for the larger works.

Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion, &c. Harpers.—The chief feature of this new edition of the scholar's universal classic is an introductory analysis of the closely woven argument, partly prepared by the late Dr. Emory, of Dickinson College, and completed since his death by G. R. Crooks. This is a useful addition—but it is an exercise which every student should perform for himself. This edition is further enriched by a few editorial notes, some selections from Chalmers's lectures on this topic, and others from Fitzgerald's edition. An index at the close, carefully prepared on the basis of one executed in Butler's lifetime, fitly supports the analysis at the outset.

Les Aventures de Télémaque, with Notes, &c. By Louis Fausquelle. Newman & Iverson.—The notes to this edition are numerous and exact in the literal renderings and grammatical references. The latter are made to Mr. Fausquelle's "Method"—and the whole is well adapted for a precise study of the language.

Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, Parts 26, 27, carry us to the South, the last being occupied with the military operations in South Carolina and Georgia. The drawings and sketches of scenery are in excellent taste and of original historical value.

OLIVER S. PARKINS is the publisher of a new History of Boston, by Samuel G. Drake. The form of the work is a very handsomely printed octavo with maps and woodcut illustrations. These are well executed. The book is to be published in numbers, the first of which, before us, contains a summary of the first discoveries and settlements of the region. Mr. Drake is the author of several well known historical compilations, and in this undertaking has for a basis the local history published by Dr. Snow,

with the papers and corrections left by him in manuscript.

Meyer's Universum has reached a fifth number—an adaptation of a species of popular literature of the continent of Europe. The engravings have many of them novelty, and are all well adapted for household reading. The letter-press, in the hands of Mr. C. A. Dana, represents the spirit of young Germany.

We have received several of the new publications of the General Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union, a series of small volumes chiefly drawn from rural life, "The Little Daisy," "The Bunch of Violets," and written in a style of elegant simplicity; with several larger volumes, "My Childhood," by Sarah Roberts, "Work and Play," by Mrs. C. R. Parker, "Consecrated Talents," by the author of "Wreaths and Branches." These last are copyright publications, in which respect the Society has made a commendable advance upon its earlier issues. There is also a noticeable improvement in paper and print, which brings these publications alongside of the most acceptable of the day. Good taste and judgment preside at the choice of these books, which in themselves witness to the zeal and cultivation of the rapidly enlarging class of lady writers.

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

—ONE among a thousand sledge-hammer arguments *against* any such absurdity as a Railroad in Broadway, is dealt in this manner by the *United States Economist*:—

"But it will be remembered that the omnibuses now bring into Broadway 16,000 persons, to alight there, and carry out as many to alight in other streets. If the same persons are required to ride in rail-cars, they must not only get in, but get out in Broadway; thus doubling the number of stoppages at once. To take that amount of travel upon one pair of grooves, within the space of four miles, does not appear to be physically practicable. The only means by which so vast a number of persons can be transported through a crowded street, is that now in operation, viz. by means of independent, skilfully-manœuvred coaches, which adapt themselves to all the circumstances of the road. The thousand inconveniences which attend coming to Broadway in omnibuses, there to change into cars, and *vice versa*, will suggest themselves to every one who reflects upon the matter; and as the city goes on to increase, with an enhanced use of Broadway for drayage, the cumbrous, immovable, and impracticable cars will be a serious drawback upon its usefulness."

—ON the subject of "old clothes"—on which a correspondent, to the refreshment and irritation of the press at large (who, by the way, have not troubled themselves with "credit"-ing Jotham Carhart), lately addressed us, we find, according to the *London News and Chronicle*, that at a late dinner the Master Cutler of Sheffield delivered himself in the words following, to wit:—

"I consider that Conservatism consists in this—Let every man have his own rights and property, and don't let those Radical fellows come to take it (laughter and cheers). The object they have in view is to divide with you what you have got by real honesty and industry. Have we not got as much property as the Radicals? Can you find another hundred and fifty that can beat the hundred and fifty that signed the requisition to Mr. Overend? No (cheers). What are Mr. Hadfield's men? All without coats (laughter). It was told to me that Levy and Moses had got a very large order (laughter). It was told to me that they got a very large order for coats to cover those poor beggars (roars of laughter)."

That Master Cutler is certainly an extraordinary man. Wonder what he thinks of Adam before he fell?

—A promising announcement is made by W. W. Clapp, Jr., editor of that well known and useful paper, the *Boston Evening Gazette*:—

"A Theatrical Record of the Boston Stage, from the earliest days of its existence to the present time: comprising a full history of the rise of the Drama, the erection of the various theatres, with biographical sketches and anecdotes of the most prominent actors who have appeared in that city. Prepared expressly for the Boston Evening Gazette, by Wm. W. Clapp, Jr., the publication of which will be commenced on the 2d of October, and continued till completed."

—A touching illustration of the singular character of Edward Irving, the celebrated pulpit orator, is furnished in a letter in the *Presbyterian* (a journal by the way which is edited with care, and a reference to the solid tastes of its readers), as follows:—

"After sitting with him perhaps an hour, I rose to come away, and he said to me, 'Stop one moment, if you please;' and then offered, in tones the most affectionate and melting, the following prayer: 'Thou Saviour, who holdest the stars in thy right hand, take this, my brother, under thy special care; be thou his guide, his strength, his consolation, and his salvation. Let his preaching be accompanied by the power of God; and let those to whom he ministers be found among the saved. Do thou confirm his health; watch over him as he prosecutes his homeward journey; carry him safely to his friends and his flock; and honor him with a long and useful ministry, and take to thyself all the glory.' He then gave me his hand, and we parted. It was one of the most touching and patriarchal scenes with which I had ever anything to do."

—A New York correspondent of the *Dollar Times* (St. Louis) speaks of the contributions of T. D. Jones, the sculptor, to the Washington Monument. It will please the Western friends of this artist to know that he is rapidly widening his reputation in this quarter of the country:—

"A flying visit to some of the galleries of art completed our sight-seeing at New York, among which was the studio of T. D. Jones, the well known sculptor, formerly of Cincinnati. I found Mr. Jones up to his eyes in clay, modelling. Unwrapping an object done up somewhat in the manner of an Egyptian mummy, he displayed to view, not the unsightly remains of some ancient human being, but a beautiful design for the block of marble the Welsh people are to contribute to the Washington Monument. It is not merely a female figure, as some of the papers state, but a group, composed of a variety of figures, with the Goddess of Liberty in the centre, and tastefully arranged on either side is the Harp, the National emblem of the Welsh—the anvil and the plough, representing the mechanics—the Bible, the only true foundation for social, religious, and political justice and rights, a dog, emblematic of fidelity, the eagle, the American emblem, and I believe another female figure, and our stars and stripes; of the two latter, I am not quite sure. It is the only original design, and is said by good judges to be the *finest* design in the whole monument."

—The simplicity of the artist nature is well illustrated in this anecdote from Mrs. Bray's Life of the celebrated painter, Thomas Stothard:

"He was once to dine, I believe, with Mr. Rogers, the poet, to meet Mrs. Barbauld, and,

probably, Madame de Stael, during her visit to England. Stothard, on this occasion, had expressed his intention of making himself *smart*! But when he got to the door of Mr. Rogers, in St. James's Place, feeling his throat rather cold, and before the portal opened to his rap, he chanced to place his hand on his neck, when he found that he had forgotten to put on his cravat! He made a hasty retreat before the door was opened, to return home for this very necessary part of his attire.—Charles used to relate an anecdote of his father's love of romance reading; by which he was so absorbed as sometimes to forget both time and place. It occurred whilst the son was a boy of fifteen. The youth had been engaged in Mrs. Radcliffe's powerful work of 'The Italian.' Stothard took the book out of his son's hand just before the lad went to bed, to see what sort of romance had so bewitched him. The next day, Charles learnt that his father had been no less interested in it, and that he had sat up nearly all the night, till his candles were burnt out, and day dawned in upon him, ere he could close the volume."

— Among the new newspapers of the week—for we, of New York, open a fresh hotel and start a new paper per week—is the *Standard*, a neat, well-made-up, and prosperous-looking weekly, by F. A. Boyle.

— The English "Guild of Literature and Art"—now for some time below the horizon—was about to emerge in a dramatic performance at Manchester, and, as we infer from the following paragraph in the *Examiner* of that city, at another entertainment:

"The sale of tickets for the performance at the Free-trade Hall on Wednesday next steadily continues. The whole of the eleven hundred reserved stalls, and more than one half of the unreserved seats, have already been disposed of; and we have little doubt that, ere our next publication appears, every available seat in this great hall will have been appropriated. The preparations for the public banquet in the Athenæum are proceeding satisfactorily, under the superintendence of an efficient committee of stewards, giving promise of an evening of pleasing intellectual association, such as Manchester has rarely had the opportunity of enjoying. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. M.P., will be the guest of Sir Elkanah Armitage, President of the Manchester Athenæum."

— We "put it to" our neighbor, the *Daily Times*, whether it is just to discriminate among the acts of Louis Napoleon so as to make the Prince President an authority in one case and a warning in another. If he is against copyright, should not that—as the *Times* views his character and public morality—be an evidence in its favor? We are indebted to the *Times* for the announcement of the coming of Mr. Thackeray to this country in answer to a call to deliver a Course of Lectures before the Mercantile Library Association of this city. Mr. Thackeray, as a man of genius who has made his own way, will be welcomed with respect and admiration.

THE LATE ALMOND FLOWER.

Sitting in the shady porch
With my sisters three,
Peered a little, snow-white flower
Through its leaves, to me.

Then the yellow Walnut stems
Faded from the tree,
In the cool September days,
On the mottled lea.

Russet lines were in the corn,
Clover tops were dead;

Crickets, through the shortening days,
Wondrous concerts led.

Oh, most pleasant in the shade,
Brightening for its tomb,
Seemed our little Almond-bush
Near the leafy-room:

For a grape-vine, overhead,
Was a wall and roof instead.

Dust was on each arrowy leaf,
From the grinding wheel,
Where the sultry August noon
Set a fiery seal,

Yet this sweet flower, in the Fall,
Blossomed brightly through them all.

EMILY HERMANN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

III.

QUEBEC—SPENCER-WOOD HOUSE.

LIFE in Quebec. What is it? Very likely just what it is in all other fine towns—low, middle, and high life. I *suppose* it is so. I do not *know*, from any actual experience, that there is but one species of life there, and that of the highest kind. Yes, our little party of four know nothing of life in Quebec, beyond our hotel (which, by the way, was a high-life hotel), but *very* high life. The only thing about which the less is said the better is that, of the lofty life of which we know, we know but very little,—just exactly what we could learn during one dinner-party. Let me not keep you awaiting. I will rush "*in medias res*." We dined with the Governor-General, the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine.

At 7½. Well, at 7 we were dressed, and, as much as one pea is like another, dressed like the company we met—white vests, white cravats and gloves. We had thirty minutes in which to ride three miles. Within ten we were past St. John's Gate, and wheeling it swiftly across the plains where once wheeled the battalions of Montcalm and Wolfe.

It was one of nature's most beautiful half-hours, trailed like a costly train, wrought with golden, silken, and silver thread, over the luxuriant carpet of one of the high places of the earth—one of the places famous among the kingdoms of the world. I cannot describe the scene in detail. A rich valley lay on our right, to the north and west. I think of it now as an oval concave, lined with all that June brings with him, when he "*comes fleetly up this way*." I think of it as one of our dear mother earth's cradles, and her darling season rocking in it, with draperies of green, and fragrant with roses and all blossoms. I think of it as one of nature's emerald vases, full of bounty and of beauty, and sprinkled from its bottom to its brim with countless marks of human happiness and homes. We had little time to think of it then. On we went—our wheels rolling rapidly in the track of noble wheels, leaving passers-by and people in their pleasant porches, to look after us and wonder who were *we*, going on so swiftly to visit with a lord. I am now satisfied that we made a fine appearance; although at the time I was a little in doubt about it. I noticed the driver, a day or so afterwards, to be a good-looking person, and saw the very horses and carriage moving with an air of much elegance in the street. There is a grace in the memory of our ride that will make it fragrant, I am certain, for a long time. I can feel the flying sensation at this moment—now, over the

yielding road, *all still*—now, over a gravelly road, *rough enough*—now, to the right, like the noiseless swinging of a pendulum through the arc of a circle, *smooth as oil*—now, to the left, with an occasional *jounce*, but always with right royal speed that gave the wheels a windy, shadowy look. The last five minutes of our ride was through a wood, quite wild. We entered it through a gate guarded by a soldier. His scarlet coat fairly blazed in the twilight, and produced with his snow-white pants and glistening musket a pretty effect against the sombre gloom of the forest.

When we emerged we saw before us an opening, not unlike thousands I have seen in Michigan in Indian days. The woods hung darkness and greenery all around. Thick evergreens, the black evergreens of the north, scattered here and there singly and in groups, made by contrast the smooth turf look as if there was fresh moonshine upon it. This exquisite piece of park scenery stands in the relation of high table-land to the great river rolling close below. From our first entrance upon the lawn till we stopped was but a moment. We were in front of Spencer-wood House, a pleasant-looking country dwelling for a gentleman of fortune, and nothing of the palace.

A fashionably dressed person of twenty-five, his lordship's gentleman, ushered us into a hall, where the A. D. C. in waiting, decked in the splendid costume of the British officer, received us with an agreeable politeness. Our ladies were passed forward to a toilet-room, and we directly to the drawing-room. British America does not furnish its Lord with a parlor such as Wall street gives its bankers and stock-brokers. Still, it is elegant enough, and bears tokens of a wish to be comfortable rather than thinly splendid. Within ten minutes the guests were assembled, perhaps a dozen in all. Without introduction they fell to talking, very much as people do in these lower climes, about the weather, which, by the way, is no barren theme up there where the evenings appear to come in from the north with fireworks—I allude to their brilliant Aurora Borealis.

Lord Elgin and the ladies of the family entered a little after eight, and, passing round the room with the A. D. C. in waiting, very soon made the acquaintance of the strangers of the party, and placed all at ease. His Lordship is a handsome Englishman of fifty, of medium size, as I now remember him, and exceedingly fine bust, with the roses of health upon his cheeks, and the signals of a lively intellect in the eye and outlines of the head. A star inclosing the Scotch thistle wrought of gems, sparkled on his breast. The tones and modulations of his voice are well adapted to conversation and parliamentary speaking, in both of which he excels. Lady Elgin, some years younger than her lord, is fair and delicate, and must have been most beautiful in her teens. She has a quiet graceful manner, and talks with an agreeable simplicity. A few fine jewels shed their lustre upon her rich rose-colored dress.

At half past 8, the doors were opened, and all passed across the hall to the dining-room. The tables, attended by servants in gorgeous livery, seemed an expanse for so small a company, and glistened magnificently with silver and the rarest glass. After the last course, and the withdrawal of the ladies, there was a long and lively circulation of wines. Round and round marched the

crystal soldiery, pausing in front of each guest, a platoon of generous decanters, better calculated (judging from the ever-increasing vivacity) to set free than arrest the spirit of conversation. His Lordship, a close and intelligent observer of the great republic, talked well on the leading topics of the day. He evidently understands us, and knows the art of popular government in a country where the sympathy of the masses is with the states. A half-hour with the ladies in the drawing-room, seasoned with tea, closed the evening at Spencer-wood House. It was after eleven. When we had passed the plains of Abraham, we had talked over very pleasantly among ourselves all that was going to make the recollection of our first, and possibly our last, dinner with a lord.

L. L. N.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co.'s list of new publications and books in press, forming an octavo of 70 pages, is just issued, and may be had on application. The following are the books nearly ready—"Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table," by Lewis Gaylord Clark, 12mo. paper cover, cloth. "A Digest of English Grammar, Synthetical and Analytical, duly classified and methodically arranged, accompanied by a Chart of Sentences, and adapted for the use of Schools," by L. T. Covell, 12mo. (ready). "A Digest of Ancient and Modern History; particularly with reference to the Institutions, Laws, Manners, and Civilization of the different ancient and modern nations," by Thomas Dew, late President of the University of William and Mary, 8vo. "Don Quixotte"—in Spanish—"El Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha," nueva edition corregida y anotada, por Don Eugenio de Ochoa, 12mo. "Elementary Spanish Reader," translated by Miguel T. Tolon (ready). "Gil Blas," in Spanish, a new stereotype edition, uniform with Don Quixotte. "Atlas of Mediæval Geography," edited by George W. Greene, 8vo. Poems by Mattie Griffith, now first collected, 12mo.; the most popular living poet of the West. "Life and Literary Remains of Theodore Hook," 16mo. cloth. "Northern and Southern Life; or, Good in All, and None all Good," by Maria McIntosh, author of "Two Lives," &c., 12mo. "Exposition of the Grammatical Structure of the English Language; being an attempt to furnish an Improved Method of Teaching Grammar, for the use of schools and colleges," by John Mulligan, A.M., 1 vol. 12mo. (ready). "Ollendorff's Method for Learning to Read, Write, and Speak the English Language;" applied to the French, by Prof. Chas. Badois, 12mo. "Primary Reader in Spanish," by Henry Mandeville, D.D., 12mo. (ready). "Reuben Medlicott," by the author of the "Bachelor of the Albany," 12mo. paper cover, cloth. "The Guide to Knowledge," by Miss Robbins, author of "Popular Lessons," &c. "Stories from Blackwood's Magazine," 16mo. cloth. "The Miscellaneous Writings of W. M. Thackeray," 16mo. cloth. "Men's Wives," by W. M. Thackeray, 16mo. cloth.

Messrs. BUNCE & BROTHER, Nassau st., have just published, in a neat 12mo., Miss Burney's "Cecilia." It is in the same style of binding, &c., as "Evelina," a new edition of which is advertised from the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

A new work by Capt. Mayne Reid, entitled "The Boy Hunter," will be soon ready to appear from the classic press of Messrs. TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston. Rumor says Hawthorne is preparing a "Life of Washington, for Boys," from the same publishers.

Prof. Kingsley, the well known scholar, died recently at his residence in New Haven. He

was born in Windham, Conn., graduated at Yale College in 1799, and has been connected with that Institution, in the department of Classical Literature, for half a century. He published several works.

Mr. George Bridges, Agent for Mr. H. Baillière, 290 Broadway, has prepared a very handsome catalogue, which may be had gratis on application. Of course, as in medicine and science it embraces the publications of H. Baillière, London, and J. B. Baillière, Paris, it will be found in these departments very full and complete. Besides these it contains the best works on Philosophy; Metaphysics; Mathematics; Natural History; Geography; Voyages; Chemistry in all its branches; all the European Homeopathic Books;—works on the Fine Arts; the Belles-Lettres; Encyclopedias, &c. The arrangement is very good, and the type peculiarly neat. In some 60 pages over 1400 different works are enumerated. A complete list of Surgical Instruments manufactured by Charrière, specimens of which are kept on hand, is appended at the end.

Among the recent arrivals in the steamer "Arctic" is Paul P. Duggan, Professor of Drawing in the Free Academy. We are glad to learn that he steps home again with improved health, and that his return will be the occasion of the opening of the copies of the celebrated Elgin Marbles from the British Museum, a commission executed by Prof. Duggan. The casts had reached this country in advance of his coming.

The Boston Daily Advertiser says Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have published Ware's Life and Works of Washington Allston. It is divided into 1. The Characteristics of Allston's Genius; 2. The Lesser Pictures; 3. The Larger Pictures.

"The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic," in one vol. 12mo. A new reprint published this week by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, by a clergyman of the Church of England, is said to be a complete and able answer and refutation of the ideas of Theodore Parker. Some interest was excited by a large sale in advance at the Trade sale, one publisher taking 100 copies. Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co. have in preparation two series for young people—"Uncle Sam's Library for Boys and Girls," and "Six Pleasant Companions for Spare Hours"—the latter is beautifully illustrated.

"Nathaniel Hawthorne's Life of General Pierce" is now ready at all booksellers.

An advertisement in the Daily Times says Mr. William Longman, the prominent English publisher, has tried in vain to find an editor to prepare a new edition of Johnson's Dictionary, and has adopted the Revised Edition of Webster, by Goodrich, as a perfect English standard!

The National Magazine, published monthly by Messrs. CARLTON & PHILLIPS, at the Methodist Book Concern, shows in its third number a good selection of articles. It may be recommended as an excellent family magazine.

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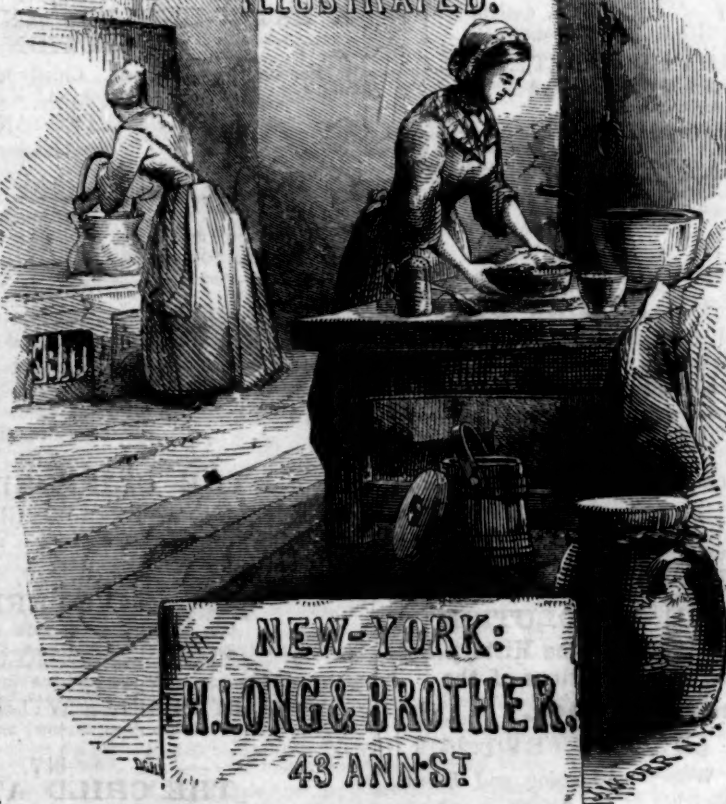
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